

THE  
ART  
OF  
MANAGEMENT;  
OR,  
TRAGEDY  
EXPELL'D.

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By Mrs. CHARLOTTE CHARKE.

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*Qui Caput ille Fecit.*

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L O N D O N :

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MANAGEMENT

OF

TRADING

EXPERIENCE



BY MR. CHARLES G. ...

... ..

LONDON

... ..



T O

CHARLES FLETEWOOD, Esq;

S I R,



T may appear something strange that I chuse you for a Patron ; but as I hate Ingratitude, whom cou'd, or ought I so soon to address as your self? The many Obligations I have received from you, would make it an unpardonable Error in me, were I to lose this Opportunity of returning you my

# DEDICATION.

sincerest Thanks. And at once convince you how just a Sense I have of your Worth and Honour; That you are a Gentleman of a most profound Judgement, every Action of your Life is a sufficient Testimony: But since you have kindly condescended to distract the poor Players with your Understanding, you are become an inimitable Original. In short, Sir, there's no doing you Justice; thou excellent young Man.

Since, therefore, 'tis not in my Power to pay your Merits due, I must content myself with only saying, *Thou take you for all in all, I hope ne'er shall look upon your Like again.* I have such an implicit Regard for you, that I would not have you incumber your Head with Theatric Affairs any longer but leave it to the Fools who are us'd to it; and make no more Vacancies, but  
wit

# DEDICATION.

with your self; as being, in my Opinion,  
of least Use, and consequently the easier  
spared.

*I am, S I R,*

*With All Due Respect,*

*Your Most Obliged,*

*And Super Abundant,*

*Humble Servant,*

CHARLOTTE CHARKE.



# P R E F A C E.



*S I am to depend intirely on the Favours of the Town; I think 'tis necessary to give publick Reasons for publick Proceedings.*

*During the Rehearsal of the following Work, call'd, The Art of Management; or, Tragedy expell'd. I heard from different Hands that I was to suffer from Civil Power, for exhibiting a Satyr on the Managers of Drury Lane. Now, Whether any one about Town know such Persons as Squire Brainless, or Mr. Bloodbolt, is doubtful; for I solemnly protest I don't; I can't but say that I think the Name of Brainless very applicable to a Blockhead, as that of Bloodbolt may be to a Bully. And if there are any People in the World who act in real Life, as those two Characters are suppos'd to do, I am certain they must be very much confounded and ashamed to acknowledge themselves piqued tho' the Cap should fit.*

*And*

## P R E F A C E.

*And as for satyrizing the Managers, I don't know that there are any Persons there who can properly claim that Title, for since the two Gentlemen (who governed six Years ago) have been dead, and the other quitted it, I don't know any one Circumstance that has look'd like Order or Decorum during that Time, (a few Months excepted) but of that I shall say no more; lest I grow vain (or at least thought to be so) in Commendation of one who truly deserves my Praise.*

*As to the Farce, if any Gentleman thinks himself touch'd home, or but slightly glanced at, let me advise him to keep his Sentiments to himself.*

*A prudent Man wou'd I'm sure; and he must be a most egregious Fool who wou'd reject my Council.*

*But now I shall proceed to give a just Account of the Manner of my being discharged, as to the Reasons, that will be as difficult a Task for me as for the Gentleman who did it; for he has often spoke of me as one, whom he thought, worth Acceptance (as a Player) in any Theatre; therefore, any contrary Reason after such a Declaration wou'd be ridiculous; but I had a Letter sent me, to inform me, the Charge being too high, made it necessary to lessen it by dismissing me. I confess it was what I did not in the least expect, as being ignorant of having deserved it; when a Motion was made for my being recall'd, tho' not by me; I was refused, and it was not long before we left off playing; (that I at a Quarter of an Hour's Warning, twice read two capital Parts, viz. The Queen in Essex, and another Night Cleopatra) which,*

## P R E F A C E.

which, I believe, I did not appear scandalous in, if I may be allowed to judge by the good Nature of the Audience, tho' on such Occasions they are generally tender to young Players.

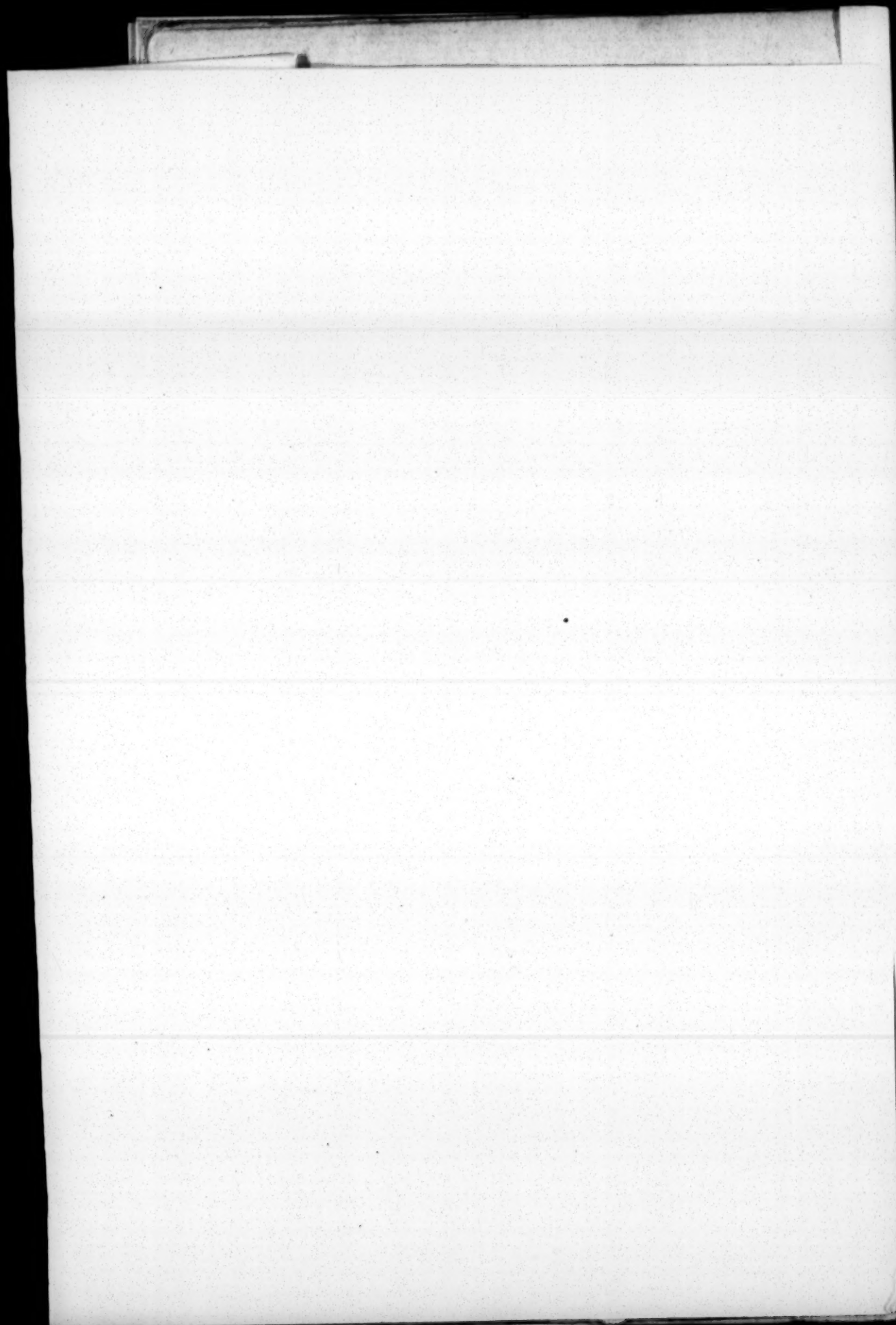
I can't but say 'tis hard to be deprived of the Means of an honest Livelihood, without giving some immediate Provocation; and for my private Misconduct, which it seems, has been (for want of a better alledged as a Reason) tho' a bad one; for while my Follies only are hurtful to my self, I know no Right that any Persons, unless Relations, or very good Friends, have to call me to Account. I'll allow private Virtues heighten publick Merits, but then the Want of those private Virtues wont affect an Actors Performance.

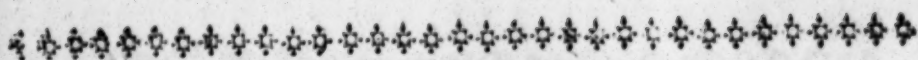
And for me, tho' I confess it with a Blush, I have paid so little Regard to my self, that I rather have made my Faults too conspicuous, than that I have conceal'd them; so the Town will hardly be surpriz'd at what they have been so long acquainted with.



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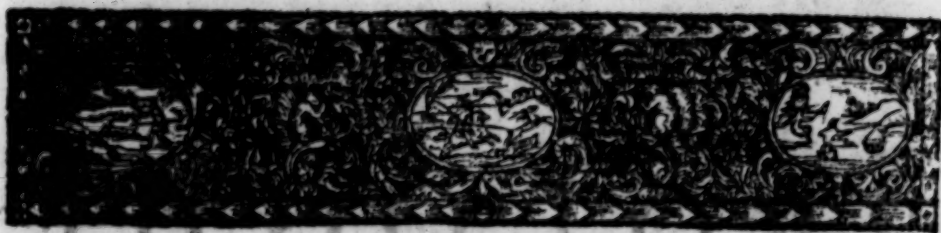


An Occasional

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. CHARKE.

**W**HEN the first Pair from Paradise were driv'n,  
They sob'd, they wept, and mourn'd their latest Heav'n  
With Grief unbounded, left their native Seat,  
While resounding Epos did their Woes repeat,  
I, like them from ancient Drury expell'd,  
Why I know not, yet helpless to be repeal'd,  
To this poor Refuge, unwillingly I flew,  
And humbly refer my hapless Cause to you;  
When injured then the worst Judges we become,  
And partial to our selves heighten our Oppressor's Doom,  
No, I rather chuse your Pity than your Scorn  
Of all Ills that's the hardest to be born,  
That I have Faults unlimited, I do confess,  
Yet that, makes not the Wrong of others less;  
All my Hopes do on your Smiles depend,  
Nay, my bounded Wishes ask no other Friend;  
Since exil'd thus from my dear native Land,  
And cast on Fortune's Stream; afford a saving Hand  
Your friendly Pity I must earnestly implore,  
And tenderly assist to waite me to the Shore,  
With unwearied Toil I'll hourly strive to please,  
If successful think't a Conquest gain'd with ease,  
To your good Nature ever pay a just Regard,  
And think each Effort too little for the sweet Reward.



## MEN.

DICTION

PORTER

HEADPIECE

MAZEWELL

BLOODBOLT

'Squire BRAINLESS

*First* MERRY ANDREW

*Second* MERRY ANDREW

NOTANDUM

BOXKEEPER

GEORGE

PETER

ACTWELL

BUSKIN

## WOMEN.

*Miss* GLIDEWELL

PINWELL

*Mrs.* TRAGIC

( II )



THE  
ART  
OF  
MANAGEMENT;  
OR,  
TRAGEDY  
EXPELL'D.

---

[*The* THEATRE.]

SCENE I.

*Enter the Porter to the House, and Dixon, with  
a Bundle of Letters.*



**D**IXION. Here, deliver these Letters as directed, and summons the rest of the Ladies and Gentlemen to Rehearsal of the new Comedy.

*Porter.* Pray Sir, which wou'd you have me do first; I am apt to think, you'd be better to summons those that are left.

left, before I carry the Letters for those that are discharg'd; else, you'll probably wait 'till three o'Clock in the Afternoon for a Rehearsal.

*Dist.* You are in the right; therefore haste away. (Exit. Port.)

*Enter Headpiece and Mazely.*

*Head.* **D***Ixon*, good Morrow;-- Well, how go Matters here?

*Dix.* Truly, Sir, very poorly. All our best Players are discharged, and those that know nothing at all of the Matter, are--- to have their Salaries rais'd!

*Head.* I find our wise Manager is resolv'd his Players should not put him out of Countenance, by having more Wit than himself?

*Mazely.* For my part, I am in a perfect Maze! And for my Soul can't see what he's driving at!-- Prithee! what is this new Comedy we are to rehearse.

*Dist.* Oh, a most elegant Entertainment, assure ye! 'Tis a Performance which can't chuse but please! 'Tis called the Union of the Bear and Monkey! 'Tis a Dramatical Pantamimical sort of Comedy. And I believe the first of its kind that ever was exhibited. 'Tis to be performed by Merry Andrews, Monkeys, Bears and Prize-Fighters.

*Head.* Monstrous! that Acting should be set upon such a wretched Footing! but 'tis impossible the Town can encourage it.

*Dist.* 'Egad! Sir, they had better; for M  
Blog

*Bloodboit* wrote the Thing; and the Town must all meet him at the *Bear-Garden*, if they offer to disapprove it; nay we have some of that Fraternity placed here, as Box and Gallery-Keepers, to frighten the Audience into Applause!

*Head.* If the Town don't rise in Arms against these Proceedings, it never deserves a decent Entertainment again; but I have some private Reasons to believe, that this won't hold long, and that you'll see a new Face of Business here shortly.

*Diſt.* O! for that Matter, Sir, I have seen above twenty this Morning already; --- Why we have got all the Merry Andrews from *Bartholomew Fair*; and I believe in a little Time, we shall have Rope dancing to entertain the Audience, while the House is filling.

*Head.* Not unlikely truly! --- But pray can you give a List of those discharg'd.

*Diſt.* Yes, I believe I have 'em all down, but there's one who has her Discharge whom you don't suspect! *Mrs. Tragic*---!

*Head.* *Tragic*! her Discharge! --- for what pray!

*Diſt.* O! that no Mortal can tell.

*Head.* How did she receive it.

*Diſt.* O! most heroically! for she conceal'd her Surprise as much as possible, but pity'd our Managers want of Judgment, more than her own Disappointment.!

*Head.* Every Part of his Conduct is of a Piece with this! therefore I don't wonder more at it,

it, than at any Thing else he has done.--- Are you very busy, *Diction.*

*Dict.* No, Sir.

*Head.* Well step with me to *Talbot's* Coffee-house, for I have something to communicate to you.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Miss Glidewell, and Pinwell, one of the *Women Dressers.*

*Glidew.* **D**EAR Mrs. *Pinwell*, you know 'tis not in my Power to speak for you, for Mr. *Brainless* is endeavouring every Day to find out a Clause in my Articles, that he may discharge me too: Nay, sometimes sends for me to practice a new Dance of a *Sunday* Morning, (which, to say Truth, I never deny'd doing, because he shou'd not have the Pleasure of making that a Plea, for getting rid of me.)

*Pin.* 'Tis very hard, that I who have been these 10 Years in the House, shou'd be turn'd out, without any Reason. I am sure, Madam, you can witness for me, I never have once been guilty of Neglect, and really I think I know my Business as well as Mrs. *Pinwell*! who came in, but last Season! I know well enough why she's a Favourite! People are not blind! Let her think as she pleases! However least said is soonest mended! For my Part, I value my self as much in my Stuff-Gown, as she in her Silks and her Velvet Manteel. Well! kissing goes by Favour! So I'll say no more! However,

Ma'am,

Ma'am, if you can serve me, I shall be mightily oblig'd to ye.

*Glide.* Indeed 'tis quite out of my Power, therefore don't depend on me; however I'll put you in a Way, which is, to apply to Mr. *Diction* the Prompter, for he is prime Minister, now I assure ye, and his Word goes farther than any Body's.

*Pin.* I give you many Thanks, Ma'am, you know, Ma'am, if 'twas your own Case, you'd think it mighty hard Ma'am! But I am vastly oblig'd to you, Ma'am! for your Advice, Ma'am! and, will certainly take it, Ma'am! I thank you, Ma'am, a thousand Times. *Exit.*

*Glide.* What an impertinent Creature 'tis! but these People who think least, generally utter most.

*Enter Bloodbolt.*

*Glide.* **D**EAR Mr. *Bloodbolt*! when are we to begin, I have been above two Hours in the House, and there's nothing done yet.

*Blood.* Well! when you have stay'd two Hours longer, may be there may be more done, then! Zounds! are you not paid for being here!

*Glide.* Lard, Sir! don't swear! you really fancy your self at the Head of your *Bear-Garden Troop*—I'm not us'd to such Language, not I, nor I won't bear it!

*Blood.* Whythen you may leave it! Damme!  
who

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who cares! A parcel of senseless Women are to be eternal Plagues to a Man! And then when he dislikes it.—Truly I won't bear it!-- And I'll stay no longer——'Sblood! and a good Riddance!-- I'll engage to furnish the House with a much better Company, and at a cheaper Rate, ay, and have Business carried on as it shou'd be;--- I'll make a Bear Play, Pierrot, or a Monkey, Harlequin, that shall out-do any we have now upon the Stage!

*Glide.* For that Matter, Sir, I don't doubt seeing your own Cook-Maid, exhibiting a Tragedy Queen before its long; and your Ostler play Sir *Harry Wildair*!

*Blood.* And no ill Thing neither.--'Egad! I'll soon teach 'em to come up to any Thing we have here.

*Enter Porter.*

*Port.* **S**IR, the 'Squire waits for you in the Office, and here's two Men from the Fairs Desire to speak with you.

*Blood.* Well, well; bring 'em to the Office-- I hir'd 'em Yesterday, when they were upon the Bellcony's—— Cleaver Fellows faith! Damme! we'll let the Town see, what they never saw before. I warrant 'em!

*Exit with Porter.*

*Glide.* And ten to one never will desire to see again!— Mercy on me! there's Management——O! how this poor House is fall'n! since I first knew it! — I swear my Heart akes to think on't.— Well, I'll e'en sit me down in  
the

the Green-Room patiently, till their high and mighty Wisdoms please to begin the Practice.

*Exit.*

*Enter Headpiece and Mrs. Tragic.*

*Head.* **D**EAR Child, moderate your Rage, consider——

*Tragic.* Consider! no! 'tis beneath me to consider!

Let them consider who inflict the Injury!  
Then let them tremble at the Thought!  
Ha! discharg'd! dismiss'd! turn'd out! Death!  
Rage! and Torture! Now mourn ye tragic Muse  
Since Tragedy's expell'd! Now Revenge alone  
Shall fate my Fury! To Raggs, Blank-Verse!—  
I'll tear like Actress's of Drury! Like them  
When most enrag'd, with soft'ning Whine,  
Break, quivering I break, the Feet in every Line.  
Then when Love's soft Passions touch the Heart,  
I'll rant and roar! Sound; not Sense, impart;—  
No more with just Accent grace my Tale,  
But Nonsense, Noise, and Spangles shall prevail.

*Head.* Prithee, no more; Learn rather to make yourself a real Loss, to them, than a happy Riddance; will your acting ill make them, or yourself most. Let Reason get the better of these mad Passions! and be advis'd by me. You know I wish you well; and as you are ally'd to me, consequently, have you more at Heart.

*Trag.* My Thanks receive with Gratitude sincere.

C

But,

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But, oh! alas! Fate like mine, what Heroine  
can bear;

Thus to be repay'd, for true Service done,  
The Day will be when thou wilt mount the  
Throne,

And tumble thence by Merit's forceful Aid;  
This stripling Tyrant, that does my Peace  
invade;

Then Men (not Apes, nor rough-hewn Bears,  
Nor mimick Andrews, from *Smithfield Fairs*)  
Shall our Stage again, in Pomp, explore,  
And to her proper Rights the tragic Muse  
restore.

This with prophetic Voice, I now proclaim,  
That thou, my Hero, shall in Drury reign.

*Head.* Perhaps the Prophecy is good, yet  
for a while, we'll our Thoughts in our own  
Bosoms we'll confine; but see the Author of  
your Wrongs; be calm as Summer Seas, and  
patient as the Dove.

*Trag.* Yes, I will choak in this swelling  
Oath, that rises in my Throat; stifle my Rage,  
and learn from him, to dress my Face with  
smiling damn'd Deceit.

But he comes.

*Enter Squire Brainless.*

GOOD Morrow, Sir,---Mrs. *Tragic* your  
Servant, you look mighty well, I hope  
you are so.

*Tragic.* And dar'st thou hope, thou Block-  
head, Tyrant, Ravisher of Merit's Right.

*Head.*

*Head.* For shame, nor let your Tongue  
good Manners so far exceed.

*Brain.* Pray, Madam, what is the Mean-  
ing of this tragical Rant; sure you are mad,  
or talk in your Sleep.

*Trag.* Ha! not mad; but bound more than  
Madness is. Deprived Theatric Rights; con-  
fin'd to that of low Degree.—Prithee, let  
me rave, nor dare disturb the solemn Purpose  
of my Soul—— (To Head.)

*Brain.* Heigh! Day! Prithee, *Headpiece*,  
is she often troubled with these Fits,—Why,  
what's the Meaning of it?

*Head.* Why, your Usage, Sir! to be plain  
with you, is the Motive of it;—'twas base to  
discharge her when 'twas too late for her to  
provide elsewhere. I must confess, I think,  
'tis not the most politick, or honest Thing,  
that ever was done.

*Trag.* No! base Recreant, No! nor Policy,  
nor Honour there,  
Took Place; within my savage Breast, or empty  
Pate; Gods! I'm amaz'd! to think that e're  
Stupidity shou'd sit upon Theatric Throne!  
I had been happy had Scene-men, Candle-  
Snuffers,

Or, Bill-stickers, been Masters there, so I had  
Nothing known;—Oh! now farewell the  
haughty Strutt, (proud;

The Salary that make Actress's extravagant and  
farewell the spangle Robe, and the tir'd Page,  
whose

Making Legs that rowl, and Players Pride has oft

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Supported. O farewell, the Diadem and  
Crown th t (Queens.

Make shrill Voices squabble for Parts of  
Oh! farewell all Pride, Pomp, and Circum-  
stance of Self-Conceit.

Farewell all, for Tragic's Occupation's gone!

*Brain.* What the Devil's all this!---sure,  
Ma'am, I am best Judge of my own Affairs;  
and as I have no farther Business with you, I  
desire to hear no more of your Tragical Im-  
pertinence!

*Head.* Loosers, Sir, may have Leave to  
speak; you can't suppose a Woman of her  
Spirit, could tamely bear such Treatment.

*Brain.* As to that, Sir, 'tis entirely equal  
to me whether either of you are pleas'd; for  
my Part, I find Management so troublesome a  
Business, that I wish I were fairly rid of  
you all,

*Head.* As to that, Sir, I don't see any  
Business you had to undertake what you did not  
understand; all who are bred and born in it,  
must necessarily know more of it than a Man  
of Fortune, who never appear'd but in a Side-  
Box, or behind the Scenes;—In my Opinion,  
Sir, your best, and wisest Way is to sell.

*Brain.* What, have you a Mind to buy,  
Sir,—I fancy you must be a little patient in  
that Respect!

*Head.* Truly, Sir, I think you as little a  
Judge of that as of Management!—And let  
me farther tell you, as a Friend, that to sell  
now you are offer'd a Purchaser, will be more  
to

to your Credit and Advantage, than to stay till no Body will purchase. And if I foresee aright, that must be your Case, shortly!

*Brain.* Sir, you are extream wise in your own Conceit, but less Impertinence would become you better;—As for you, Madam, I have no more to say to you, and desire you'll trouble my House no more. *Exit.*

*Head.* Why let the stricken Deer go weep!—Come, Tragic, don't despair, for yet I'll see thee great as thy Ambition prompts thee to; yes, my fair one, Rebellion must ensue, Rebellion! Oh! thou glorious Thought! Rebellion! Tragic, think, think on that!

*Tragic.* Ha! my Spirits rouse even to mighty Daring! (it with Pursue, my Hero! thy noble Purpose, pursue Thy wonted Courage, and redoubled Strength! Pursue it now, lest thy Mind shou'd change!

*Head.* Never, my Tragic, 'twill never change; No; this Instant, with my Brethren, in solemn Council, we'll debate on this most important Act of Glory!

*Trag.* Oh! 'twere such a God-like Act, as Players yet (Hero, Unborn shall bless thee for. Come then, my Nor longer let's delay! Revenge spurs on to meet the joyful Day.

The glorious Day, when to our Honours we're restor'd,

And Theatres again, shall own thee for their Lord! *(Exeunt.)*

*(Scene continues.)*

*Enter*

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*Enter Bloodbolt, and two Merry Andrews.*

*Blood.* Come, come, along, i'll send for Mr. *Brainless* this Moment; I have got, you must know, two new Pantomines, upon the Stocks. --- Now you have a rare broad Face --- And I fancy you'll do mighty well for a Bully --- or let's see! --- You look stupid enough for *Pierot*.

*1st. And.* Just what you please, Sir, nothing comes a-miss to me.

*Enter 'Squire Brainless. Bloodbolt takes him a-side.*

*Blood.* Harkee --- rare Fellows --- faith! Damme, they made such Fun in the Balconies --- I wou'd not miss'd on them for all the World!

*Brain.* Secure 'em at once then, offer 'em any thing in reason.

*Blood.* Oh! Zoons we can't give them less than Fifty Shillings a Week, Damme, they'll do! these are your right Fellows! Ah! let me alone, we'll shew them the odds on't, we shall be Slaves to the insolent Airs of a capering lac'd Waistcoat, and sprain'd Ankles, when here's good *English* Bloods, know more in a Minute than they do in a Month.

*Brain.* Well, well, set 'em down this Moment; there has been the Fellow with the wonderful Elephant; I have list'd him, you may intro-

introduce the Elephant in your new Entertainment.

*Blood.* What do you give him?

*Brain.* Thirty Shillings a Week.

*Blood.* Zoons! make it Forty or you'll lose him.

*Brain.* I will! I will! well Gentlemen we have resolv'd upon having you; so we desire you to attend every Morning, for we shall find you constant Employment.

*1st. And.* Thank your Honours! *Peter*, I wonder what Pay we are to have.

*2d. And.* I warrant Six Shillings a Week, 'tis all the Year you know, and we had but half a Crown a Day at the Fair.

*1st. And.* Gad, that will be rare to have Six Shillings coming in constantly, faith will it.

*Brainless* } We have set each of you down  
*turning to* } at Salary, and what I believe will  
*them speaks.* } content you; Fifty Shillings a-  
peice, per Week.

*1st. And.* Waunds, *Peter*, there's a Salary! Gad since 'tis so we'll stand upon Terms: Ah! Sir, I was in hopes you'd make it Three Pound, my Brother and I wou'd be willing to stay for that, but 'twou'd not be worth our while to take less, we cou'd not live, Sir.

*Blood.* Oh! but Friend you liv'd upon less at the Fairs, come, come, don't exact upon us because we are willing to engage you.

*2d. And.* No, Sir, for my Part I don't care to take that, there's a great deal of Slavery, and

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and I won't think of any thing less than  
Three Pound.

*Blood.* Zoons and Fire, this is an Imposition.

*1st. And.* Well, Sir, there's no harm done,  
your Servant Gentlemen, O no hurt in the  
least, if you are not as ready as we; no, no,  
we scorn to impose on any one. (*Offers to go.*)

*Brain.* Hold, Gentlemen, you shall have  
your Demands, 'tis not Ten Shillings a Week  
shall part us, I give you my Word, you shall  
have Three Pounds.

*1st. And.* Very well, Sir, we are ready to  
to serve you, and enter into Articles as soon as  
you please.

*Brain.* Apropos! here comes Mr. *Notandum*  
my Lawyer, he shall draw them up this Mo-  
ment.

*Enter Notandum with a Bag of Money.*

O! Mr. *Notandum*, you are come in a lucky  
Moment, here's two honest Gentlemen that are  
engag'd, and we want to sign and seal as quick  
as possible.

*Notan.* Well! step into the green Room, and  
send for a Sheet of Stamp Paper, I'll do it im-  
mediately; here, Sir, is the Thousand Pound  
you wanted, this and what you have had last  
Week, makes two Thousand five Hundred.

*Brain.* Well! give it me, and take care a-  
gainst next *Saturday*, to send in five Hundred  
more into the Office.

*Notan.*

*Notan.* I shall, Sir, come we'll go and dispatch these Articles. *(Exeunt.)*

*As Brainless goes in, he is met by the Porter and a Lady.*

*Porter.* Sir, this Lady desires to speak with you.

*Brain.* With me, Madam.

*Lady.* If you please, Sir, I understand, Sir, that you have dismiss'd several of your Actres's, and I shou'd be very glad if you wou'd accept of me, for I have play'd with great Applause, I assure you, Sir, at the other House, only we disagreed about Salary.

*Brain.* Pray, Madam, what Parts have you ever play'd?

*Lady.* O! Sir, I have play'd top Parts I assure you; I have play'd *Jane Shore*, *Cleopatra*, and *Lady Townly*, and the *Fair Penitent*, and *Lady Betty Modish*; in short, Sir, I have play'd none but Characters of that Cast.

*Brain.* Well, Madam, what Salary do you ask?

*Lady.* Sir, five Pounds a Week.

*Brain.* I am very sorry we can't agree, for we are resolv'd to bring all our five Pounders down to Twenty Shillings, for I don't think any Actres's worth more; I am sorry for it, Madam, but our Charges are so high, we can't possibly hold it.

*Lady.* For that matter, the Town has thought a great while, but your reducing Players Saries, and raising of Puppet-Showmen, neither

ther is a Proof of a Judgment, or your Justice,  
 so, Sir, your Servant. (Exit)

*Brain.* Yours Madam, well 'tis to me a most  
 monstrous thing, how Players can dare to exact  
 such Salaries, when I am positive not one of  
 them brings half the Money in three Months  
 that they receive in One. (Exit)

*Enter* Diction, Mazewell, Tragic, Headpiece  
 and Glidewell.

*Headp.* Well, *Diction*, have you positively  
 resolv'd upon what I propos'd?

*Diction.* So far resolv'd, that I am deter-  
 mined to follow you, go where you will, but  
 I'd advise you to a very little Patience, and  
 you'll find things brought about, without much  
 struggling with your Antagonist; you are to un-  
 derstand that I have a secret in my Bosom, that  
 assures me, you must triumph here shortly, for  
 depend upon it, our wise Managers won't be  
 able to stand long.

*Headp.* Prithee, let's hear the mighty Se-  
 cret?

*Diction.* Why in the first Place, you know  
 that we are pretty much out at Elbows, and  
 truly no wonder, considering how much we are  
 apt to shake 'em; then you are not to learn  
 how deep we are with *Notandum*, that's another  
 Article against us, then our Judgment be-  
 ing small, and our Discretion less, we cannot  
 possibly stand long under these Burdens, our  
 Backs must break of Course.

*Headp.*

*Headp.* Humph! these Reasons are forcible enough, I smell something, then consider how we have contracted with particular Persons for certain Sums, we shall hardly be ever able to pay, this favours much of Bankruptcy? What think you *Diction*?

*Diction.* Think, I know it must be so, come Mrs. *Tragic* hold up your Head, you'll shortly be above them all.

*Tragic.* Nay, I will! 'tis not that I shall, I'll make the proud Tyrant know, that *Tragic* resolves to be revenged. Revenge! oh! there's Music in the Sound, like warlike Symphonies, it cheers my Heart, and glads my Soul with hopes of Conquest.

*Maze.* Well said, Tragedy; methinks, I wish the War was begun, I long to be in Action, that on.

*Tragic.* What needs a War? When Deposition is at hand, but say my *Diction*, how stand my Articles with this Tool in Power?

*Diction.* O my Articles don't give me much uneasiness, for you must know I engag'd for Years for a certain large Sum play or not; if he is forc'd to throw up his Government, I can insist upon my Agreement; therefore I lie quiet and snug to see how Matters go, but whenever, or wherever your Worship reigns, I am your Subject and ready to obey.

*Headp.* Well, I believe, I shall shortly see you perform your Promise.

*Enter a Box-keeper following Bloodbolt.*

*Boxkeep.* Pray, Sir, tell me the Reason of my being discharged? I am sure there was never any deficiency in my Account, nor was I ever negligent in my Business at any time.

*Blood.* That is not my Business, Sir, we must have Fellows of Spirit about us, Rogues that fear no Colours; Damme if an Audience makes a disturbance, then we shall know how to deal with them.

*Boxkeep.* I thought, Sir, there was Guard provided to quell any Disturbances, 'twould be a fine thing that the Boxkeepers shou'd all turn Bullies.

*Blood.* Guards! Zounds we'll save that Expence, what need we have Guards when we have Men about us that can act in a double Capacity; no, no, we'll have no Guards, 'twill be a good deal sav'd in a Season, therefore don't trouble me any longer but be satisfied and get about your Business.

*Boxkeep.* Blood, Sir! Pay me then, since you won't employ me any longer I won't stir without my Money.

*Blood.* Go to the Office and receive it there.

*Boxkeep.* What signifies going to the Office you know there's nothing there for me, but my Money I will have, and so look to yourself.

(Exit)

*Blood.* These saucy Scoundrels, make much fuss as if they were of Consequence.

*Distion.* Why, for that matter you must e

pect 'em to grumble, if they are turn'd off, especially without being properly discharged.

*Glide.* Well, Sir, is this practice to begin or no, for positively I can stay no longer.

*Blood.* Well, then you may let it alone, break your Articles as soon as you please, 'tis equal to me.

*Glide.* Aye, I know that's what you want, but all you can do shan't provoke me to it.

*Blood.* Why, then you must have Patience till we are at leisure.

*Headp.* You may fancy this to be a legal Proceeding, Mr. *Bloodbolt*, but you'll find yourself very much mistaken.

*Blood.* That may be, Sir, but I fancy that every branch of Theatrical Business, is as great a Plague to him that undertakes, as Matrimony, and when once I get out of this Noose, I'd as soon run into the other, as ever to have any thing to do with it again.

*Headp.* Truly, I don't see any reason for your ever undertaking it, and if you'd be advis'd by me, you'd give up this Moment what neither you understand nor belongs to you.

*Blood.* What do you mean by that, you speak as if you thought I had no right to be here, I desire you'd explain.

*Headp.* Why to say truth, I am inclin'd to think, that there are Employments wou'd fit easier on you than this; and that you might make a better Figure in. And to deal plainly with you, the whole Company don't approve of being

ing under your Direction, therefore I think the sooner you take my Council the better.

*Blood.* I am the Company's very humble Servant, and shan't trouble myself at their displeasure. Zoons, 'twou'd be a pretty thing indeed if I were to mind 'em, no 'tis sufficient if I take Pains to make them mind me; and that I am Master here they shall all find. What they are mad I suppose, because they see I understand the Art of managing a Theatre, 'tis that they are discontented at, now they have met with their Match!

*Headp.* For shame don't imagine that we are Fools or Cowards, that we dare not dispute your right of Power, none here are bound to obey you, nor will they let me tell you; our Articles don't include you, therefore you must pardon me, if amongst the rest, I chiefly vote against your Government.

*Blood.* Methinks, you seem to be sowing the Seeds of Discord and Rebellion; but do your worst, young Sir, we are prepared for whatever your Malice can determine; tho' let me advise you in my turn, don't take up Arms as before, because when you are forc'd to lay down your Colours, may be we may not be so fond of lifting you again.

*Headp.* I shall scarce put you to the Trial, Sir, whenever I sally out again, I fancy 'twill be to so much Purpose, that I shall scarce be reduced to fight under your Banner again.

*Blood.* Well! well! I see which way the wind sits, but we are a strong Company with-  
out

out you, thanks to my Management, which you so mightily contemn, I am afraid that go when you will we shall rout you, as much as you despise it.

*Headp.* That I don't think worth my while to dispute with you about—that can only be answer'd in the Event.

*Blood.* Aye, aye, let that answer it, we shall see.

*Tragic.* Nay more! you shall feel the mighty Vengeance which my Wrongs have rais'd with my Breast, i'll with my *Headpiece* go, and jointly plot the ruin of thy State.

*Blood.* So, so, I find we must blockade again, or else our Territories will be invaded as before, here's two or three clever Dogs about the House, whom I have just lifted will be able to stand a Tussel with your Myrmidons, begin when you will. We'll to it Tooth and Nail, Blood this looks like Business now; here Doorkeepers, Porters, where are you all. *(Exit.)*

*Maze.* So now he is going to Blockade before the Enemy offers Battle, but he has an extreme Thickscul, and therefore nothing surprizes me that he does; but suppose now that War shou'd ensue, who among us is of *Headpiece's* Party.

*Omnes.* All, all, all for *Headpiece*.

*Headp.* I greet thy Loves not with vain Thanks, but with Acceptance bounteous, and will shortly put thee to it,

*Enter*

*Enter Notandum in a hurry.*

*Notan.* Servant Mr. *Headpiece*, you are the very Man I wanted, but before I tell you my Business, I must embrace and wish you Joy.

*Headp.* Of what good Sir.

*Notan.* Of what you shortly will be—  
Master of this House.

*Headp.* How! which way?

*Notan.* Why you shall hear, there is a set of stout of Gentlemen, who by vertue of certain Warrants, have got Possession of the Person of your wise Manager; and 'tis for such monstrous Sums that he can never be free again; and to let you farther into the Matter, he has mortgaged so much to me, that I am got into full Possession of all. I left him at the Tavern with his grim Companions just now in lamentable Plight; I have often warn'd of this, but he to the Fleet wou'd go.

*Headp.* But how does this make me Master of the House?

*Notan.* Why the Patent is forfeited to me, and as I don't pretend to understand your Affairs of this Sort, I'll sell it you at a reasonable Rate, paying down a Thousand Pound in ready Cash, and give you a proper time for the Payment of the rest.

*Headp.* Generous Man! which way shall I be grateful?

*Notan.*

*Notan.* Be but as much your own Friend as I am, and you'll overpay me.

*Trag.* And shall Tragedy be silent now? No, but such Thanks as one hating to be obliged, yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay, I offer; now with glad Voices let us hail the Hero with the Sound of Joy.

*Diffion.* Long may he live and reign.

*Maze.* May Content, Peace, and Wealth for ever crown him.

*Trag.* May the Tragic and the Comic Muse combine  
(shine.

To make the Theatre like his own vast Merit

*Glide.* My great Joy I can in my Service only speak,  
(too weak.

Action may express, where Words may prove

*Head.* Enough, enough my Friends, you over-rate me much, and all my Answer must be my future Truth, let that speak for me, and make up my deserving, summons 'em all, I will come forth and shew myself. Now set we forward, and let us have the general Voice to compleat our Happiness; let 'em all assemble, and all concur to make our Wreath of Victory sit with Gladness on our Brow. You, my fair Tragic, sit next my Heart, as nearest us in Blood; therefore we give thee the full Preeminence, and on our Right seat thee on Throne.

*Trag.* Thanks to the Gods that thus have done me Justice,

*Notan.* Now, great Hero, the Storm's allay'd,  
And Conquest crowns the End of every Wish,

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No more shall Tyrant Power my Right divest,  
No more shall Tragic Rage corrode my Breast,  
But with unbounded Joys to thee I yield,  
Eager to have insuring Parchments sign'd and  
seal'd;

Let's haste, Impatience grows too strong;  
Delay distracts me, and we stay too long;  
Oh! for a Lawyer now let's quickly send,  
Transports so increase, they never can have End,  
Beyond the Grave, at thy Triumphs, I'll rejoice,  
And in Elysium, in thy Praise, I'll raise my  
Voice,

'Till the pale Ghosts revive at thy Applause,  
And Heav'n and Earth concurring own thy  
Cause.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bloodbolt.*

**H**Eigh-day, what are they gone! *Headpiece,*  
*Tragic, Glidewell,* stay, stay, I have  
Business with you. What the Plague? they  
can't be got out of Earshot already; but, 'gad,  
I'll follow them, for since poor *Brainless* is  
dispos'd on, I'll even be included in a new  
Treaty with them.

*Exit.*

*Enter George and Peter.*

*Peter.* **S**O, Brother *George*, what are all our  
Golden Days come to now? We must  
e'n to Fairs and strolling again.

*George.* Hang it, let's try what we can do  
with Mr. *Headpiece*, may be he'll take us.

*Peter.*

*Peter.* Pooh! you Blockhead, Mr. *Head-piece* knows better Things, he won't take us; what! when he exclaimed against our being lifted before! no, no, tho' we were to have been Captains in to'ther Company, he will hardly accept of us for private Men in his, he designs to set Tragedy on Foot again, and Plays are to be as they were in former Days, when Actors only were valued! and such poor Dogs as we wou'd have jump'd at being Candle-Snuffers.

*George.* Why then we must e'en petition for some such Post now, tho', methinks, 'tis a cruel Fall from three Pounds a Week to as many Shillings; it don't sit easy upon me.

*Peter.* Why, to tell you the Truth, I don't like it any more than you do, but, since the Devil drives, we must needs go, you know.

*George.* However, we need not speak at first, let us boldly to him, and insist upon staying according to our Articles.

*Peter.* Why, you are mighty politick, Brother, but if we boldly insist upon staying, he will modestly desire us to walk off. So let him be the bold one, and let us humbly cut a Caper for Joy, if he admits us as Scene-Men; if you don't take my Advice, tho' you are a very good Tumbler to be sure, yet, if you shou'd tumble quite out of your Bread, 'twou'd be the worst Somerset you ever made in your Life.

*George.* Odso, here he comes, 'gad, I'll speak to him.

*Enter Headpiece.***W**E give you Joy, Sir!*Head.* Thank you, Friend.*George.* I hope, Sir, we shall have the Honour to serve you; my Brother, Sir, and I, were articled to the 'Squire, poor Gentleman, I am sorry for his Misfortune, but I hope, Sir, we shan't fare the worse for't.*Peter.* You know, Sir, we are in Articles, and I hope you won't make them void.*Head.* Really, Gentlemen, I am sorry it so happens, but all my Scene-Men are fix'd, for I design to restore the old Servants that were turn'd out, for no other Fault than understanding their Business: I am sorry I can't oblige you, Gentlemen.*George.* Scene-Men, Sir, I don't understand you.*Head.* Nay, I an't sure if there is not a Vacancy among the Bill-Setters and Lamp-Men, if there is, you may each of you depend upon Places.*George.* You know, Sir, I am a famous Tumbler, and can perform upon the Stage.*Head.* Yes, Sir, but the Stage has been of itself tumbling a great while, for which Reason, I don't intend to have any more of that Sort of Performance, there, but shall endeavour, as fast as I can, to set it upon its Legs again.*Peter.*

*Peter.* Did I not tell you how it would be ;  
—Come, come, let's strike while the Iron's  
hot, for my Part, Sir, since Things can't be  
better, we must be contented with them as they  
are, so if there be a Lamp-Man's, or a Bill-  
Sticker's Place, I shall be very proud to accept  
of it.

*Head.* I won't absolutely promise, but if  
there are such Places to be fill'd up, you may  
depend on one.

*George.* Well, half a Loaf is better than  
no Bread at all, so, Sir, if you please to think  
on me, I shall be greatly obliged to you, tho'  
Lamp-Man is a very stinking Trade, yet, if  
there's nothing better, I shan't refuse that.

*Head.* At present I am going to be busy ;  
but if I can serve you, I won't be worse than  
my Word.

*Peter.* Bless your Honour ! Come, you  
foolish Dog, I think we are very well off.

*George.* Aye, Brother, but three Pound a  
Week is better for all that.

*Peter.* Yes, Brother, but since three Pounds  
is not to be had, six Shillings a Week is not  
contemptible, come along, and drink Master's  
Health, and be thankful.

*George.* Oh ! my poor Dear, three Pounds  
a Week, what art thou come to ?

*Peter.* Why, down to six Shillings, you  
Dog, come along, and be contented. *Exeunt.*

Headpiece.

*Peter.*

*Headpiece solus.*

**S**O, every Man in his proper Sphere. I can't but think the Places these two Gentlemen are going to undertake, will become them much better than the Posts they were to have had in the 'Squire's Reign. Oh! here comes Mr. *Bloodbolt*, he seems to be in a violent Hurry too.

*Enter Bloodbolt.*

*Blood.* **O**H! Mr. *Headpiece*, where did you hide yourself. I have been searching you in every Corner; well, dear Boy, I wish thee Happiness and Success, why, this is a sudden Change, nay, you did not think so soon to be Master here.

*Head.* I can't say I did. Not to feel my own good Fortune wou'd be insensible indeed, but since it arises from another's Miseries, I have not that Excess of Joy in it, that otherwise I shou'd.

*Blood.* Why, to say Truth, my Friend has made a cursed Mistake in his Matters, to bring Things to this Head; faith, I wish you had been deputed Manager, Things wou'd have gone better, I see that.

*Head.* For me to say so wou'd look vain, yet I can't think they wou'd have been quite so bad, if I had been thought worthy; but you  
were

were as positive as the 'Squire, and now you see what comes on't.

*Blood.* Well, I confess we are to blame, but since 'tis too late to repent, e'en say no more on't: but now I want to treat with you.

*Head.* Treat with me, Sir!

*Blood.* Aye, you know I have some new Pantomines, and, if we can agree, you shall 'em have perform'd for you, they are clever Things, faith; you and I will carry the whole Town before us.

*Head.* I am not going to dispute the Merits of your Compositions, but if you carry the Town before you, you must do it by yourself, for I positively resolve never to enter into any Treaty with you whatsoever.

*Blood.* Why so, pray?

*Head.* You must excuse me giving any other Reason than my Will, I am determin'd not to admit any Partners, but keep the Power in my own Hands; I have a very good Company to support the Business, and am resolv'd to use 'em well according to their Merits. Besides, taking in a Partner is like a wealthy Tradesman, who is well set up, giving away half his Profits to a Journeyman.

*Blood.* Zoons! Sir, do you fancy me to be of no more Service, in a Playhouse, than a Journeyman in a Shop; I think I have giv'n Proof of what Use I can be.

*Head.* Great Proof, indeed! in the first Place, Sir, I must take the Liberty to tell you, that there is not a Branch of the whole Business,  
that

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that you know any thing of, and in the next Place there are some Qualifications necessary in the Disposition of a Manager, that you are not happy as to be possess'd of.

*Blood.* Mighty well, Sir, pray go on.

*Head.* You know you have not the tenderest Way of thinking, but are apt to persevere in wrong Measures, purely because you vainly think 'em right.

*Blood.* What wrong Measures have I taken? pray name one.

*Head.* 'Twou'd be needless for me to expatiate upon what the whole Town is so acquainted with.

*Blood.* Pshaw, damn it, you and I won't fall out for all this. Why, how was it possible for me to be right, when there was a superior Power there, that was as obstinate as the Devil? If it had been between you and I, the House had been in another Plight, than what it now is! But however let's join our Forces, and then see what we shall make on't.

*Head.* 'Tis a known Maxim with me, that whatsoever I determine, if it be right, I proceed in't, tho' all the World were jointly to dissuade me from it.

*Blood.* And you won't agree with me.

*Head.* No.

*Blood.* Really.

*Head.* Positively.

*Blood.* And you are resolved.

*Head.* To an Extremity of Resolution.

*Blood.* And you are really so blind to your Interest.

*Head.*

*Head.* I really am not blind, but will have nothing to do with you.

*Blood.* Why then you and the House may be damn'd, I'll erect one at the *Bear-Garden* in a Month, that shall undo you in a Fortnight.

*Exit.*

*Head.* I imagined his Rage wou'd carry him thither. What a Head has he to think it worth his while to employ so much of his Time in what he absolutely knows nothing of? I think, tho', 'tis pretty plain that he had no legal Right to be concerned; if he had, I shou'd not so easily have got rid of him; I know that Money is his Deity, and he wou'd part with his Blood as soon; what ridiculous Fools must he have thought us all this while, to be govern'd by him who had no Pretensions to it! but now 'tis past, and no longer worth my Thoughts. Ha! my Friends approach, with open Arms, I'll meet 'em.

*Enter Diction, Tragic, Mazewel, Glidewel, Actwel and Buskin.*

*Trag.* **N**OW my Friends we once again are met in Council,

The Fate of *Brainless* summons us together,  
And *Drury* attends it Fate from our Resolves,  
Pronounce your Thoughts, are you resolved to stand

By *Headpiece*? Are you fixt? Or does any on Desertion think. *Mazely speak.*

*Maze.* My Voice is still for *Headpiece*.

F

Gods!

your  
*Head.*

Gods! Can true *Britons* long debate,  
When Honour with their Words are past,  
We'll all stand by him.

*Omnes.* All, All, All.

*Head.* Oh, my Friends! come to my Arms, and  
in separate

Embraces let me speak my Thanks. (*They all  
embrace him, Trag. last.*)

*Trag.* O! my *Headpiece*.

No longer now shall jarring Discord, nor tyrannick Power molest thy Peace, thus each others Heart let's mutually partake, and may endless Blessings wait thee; my Joys crowd fast upon me, and I scarce have Power to tell thee, what Extacy of Joy, thy Fortune gives me.

*Head.* My Sister! Oh! let me hold thee to my Heart.

*Trag.* There if I grow the Harvest is your own.

*Glide.* Now my Heart resumes its wonted Ease, and greets you with Success.

*Dict.* *Drury* again is free, and truant Fortune, that has long forsook it, now overpays in *Headpiece* every Wrong it suffer'd.

*Actw.* If amidst this glad Scene, my Congratulations may be received with no less Delight I hail thee *Headpiece* with the Sound of Joy.

(*Head.* Bows.)

*Busk.* We know thy generous Mind, ne'er was fully'd by Ingratitude, but Honour in every Shape still shines conspicuous in thee. Never was one so form'd, in every Circumstance for Power, who like thee can with persuasive

Rea

Reason govern, so that thou rather smiling  
seem'st to obey, yet not meanly, but as a Con-  
queror shou'd.

*Head.* What can I answer? All that I know is, that you are good, and I am happy.

*Trag.* True, we are all fo, and the Joy is in our selves.

*Head.* To ease our past Anguish, by Justice  
fway,  
Is to enjoy such Bliss as never can decay.

*Enter* Notandum.

*Notand.* **W**ELL dear little *Headpiece*, now, methinks, 'tis as it shou'd be. I am so divided between Grief and Joy, that I scarce know which will take the deepest Root; but I believe my dear Boy, my Transport will soon get the better of my Sorrow, for without Compliment to thee, I don't know the Man, who better deserves to be Dame Fortune's foremost Favourite.

*Head.* 'Tis almost an insupportable Pain of Joy that I feel, and I my self am doubtful, that I have or ever can describe it. How have you dispos'd of poor *Brainless*?

*Notand.* Alas! He's immur'd for Life: I can't say but his hard Fortune gives me infinite Distress, but 'tis quite irreparable; therefore since 'tis so, we must think as little of it as we can. However, I've a Petition to you, *Head-piece*, and to you Mrs. *Tragic*, but I must have

F 2

your

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your Promise of Compliance, before I put the Question to you.

*Head.* You may command me, Sir; and *Tragic*, for my Sake, will as readily consent whate'er it be.

*Trag.* Thou know'st I am entirely at thy Devotion, therefore let *Notandum* speak his Pleasure freely.

*Notand.* Thus then; since poor *Brainless* never can be himself again, let us mutually contribute to make his Bondage as easy as we can; therefore the first Night you open, let it be for his Benefit; this will recommend you to the Esteem of every tender Heart, and give you Claim to their Regard.

*Trag.* With all my Heart, I willingly agree; my Revenge is overrated; I cou'd not have wished him to have met with this cruel Fate, tho' he might have deserved it.

*Head.* Name a Play, and we'll immediately give Orders for it.

*Notand.* Why, he desires you'll play *All for Love*, or, *the Earl of Essex*. Mrs. *Tragic* once read the Characters of *Cleopatra*, and the Queen at a Quarter of an Hours Warning; and tho' he confesses, that he has us'd her ill, yet he begs that she'll consent to perform one of them for his Benefit.

*Head.* 'Tis equal to me what— But has he so soon forgot how he rais'd the Devil in my Breast, when I stalk'd abroad, and the Play-house Passage trembled at my Roar.

*Notand.*

*Notand.* No more of that, but learn at once to forgive, and if possible forget.

*Trag.* Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget, when I forgive. Ha! the Memory of my Wrongs still subside; yet I will resolve with most heroick Patience to subdue each angry Thought, and soften into Pity without one jarring Attom.

*Head.* Worthily resolved! No, my *Tragie*, we will repeat our Wrongs no more, since Fortune has made us such infinite amends.

*Trag.* From this Moment, *Headpiece*, I will forgo all future Thoughts of Injuries, and bless the Gods for this our kind Deliverance. Now,

No more shall furious Discords reign;  
No more for Justice shall we plead in vain;  
For thou, no less the Hero, than the Player,  
Shall crown each Wish and chace away Despair;  
No longer Actors on their Heads shall stand,  
Nor obey a bullying Deputy's Command.  
Now to thy Honours, let each raise his Voice,  
And in choral Symphonies rejoice,  
Thy Praise, thy Glories we'll together sing,  
And proud as happy, own thee for our King.

A I R I.

*Send Home my long stray'd Eyes to me.*

*Trag.* No more shall Folly rule the Stage,  
My Hero will our Hearts engage,  
And with good Nature, easy, free,  
Will govern well, while we obey,  
Proud to be led by gentle Sway.

AIR

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A I R II.

*We politick Kings.*

*Accent.* Thus happy in thee,  
From Tyranny free,  
From Fools and from Bullies reliev'd.  
Who when they enslav'd  
The worthy and brave  
They mostly themselves have deceiv'd.

A I R III.

*Dear Colin prevent my warm Blushes.*

*Trag.* With Transport I glow, and with Pleasure,  
At once bid adieu to my Pain,  
My Wishes succeed beyond Measure,  
Nor can I my Joy then refrain.

2.

Then come to my Arms and partake,  
The Transport that rises from thee,  
Dame Fortune at length for thy Sake,  
No longer then blinded will be,  
No longer then blinded will be.

AIR

AIR

A I R IV.

*The Lover for the Favour presses.*

Now Fortune smiling crowns our Wishes,  
 And deals her Favours where they are most  
 With constant Love and kind Caresses, (due,  
 May she brave *Headpiece* still pursue.  
 In him our Woes amends shall find,  
 May Fortune never  
 From him sever,  
 But with Truth ever  
 Be sincere and kind.

F I N I S.



ture,

AIR

# AIR IV.

The Lover for the Favour wishes.

Now Fortune smiling crowns our Wishes,  
 And deals her Favours where they are most  
 With constant Love and kind Careless, (due)  
 May the brave Wards still pursue  
 In him our Woes amends shall find,  
 May Fortune never  
 From him sever,  
 But with Truth ever  
 Be sincere and kind.

F I N I S.



How  
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